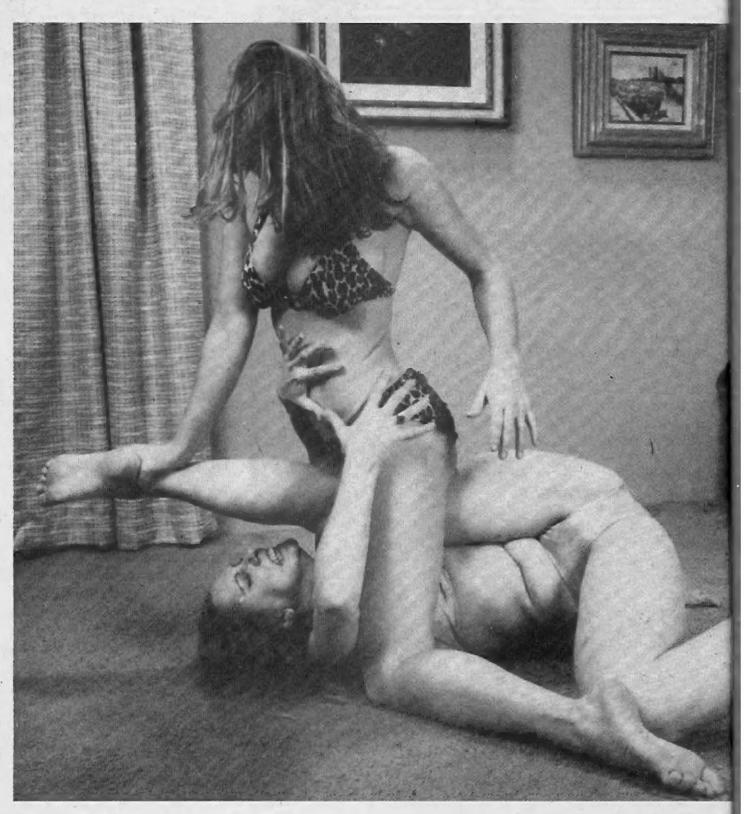
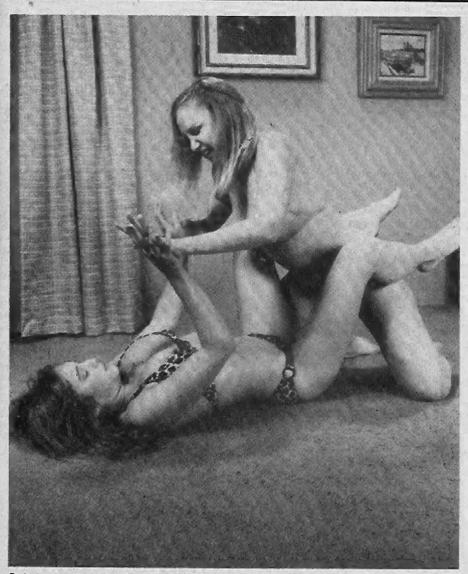


The Apartment Match HOW VICIOUS CAN



That Went Too Far: TWO WOMEN BE?

Two women, lured by the financial rewards of apartment wrestling, probe the depths of their souls to unleash savagery and brutality they never knew existed within them. When two women like this clash in the heat of battle, only one can call herself a survivor . . . the other woman will have to face the humiliation of defeat

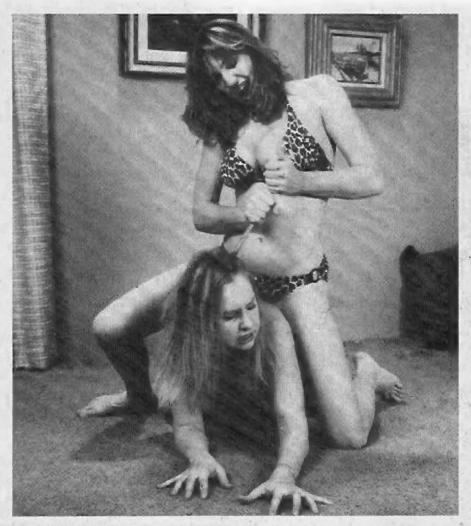


Dale has Joan on her back and attempts to claw her face, but Joan manages to block Dale's hands and engages her sultry foe in an agonizing test of strength (above). Joan pushes Dale's leg forward, forcing the blonde's knee into her chest (opposite left).

WE LIVE IN brutal times. With people's savings shrinking faster than their expectations, there is a national glee in either punishing someone else or watching a stranger suffer. There's a mean spirit throughout the land, and it turns people ugly.

There has never been as many women wanting to be apartment wrestlers. Violence is appealing to anyone helplessly beaten down by a system that no longer seems to work. At one time, only the most adventurous women dared to be apartment wrestlers. Today, women of all sensibilities are volunteering for the chance to inflict punishment.

This embarrassment of riches is not necessarily the best of all possible worlds. Many women are neither physically nor emotionally able to handle the unique pressures of apartment wrestling. Before, one could assume that the prospective apartment wrestler would come to the sport with the right qualifications. Now, with this general viciousness sweeping the country, women who stand to be seriously injured or emotionally crippled are begging for the chance to wrestle. It's a great responsibility for the organizers to





Joan pulls savagely on Dale's hair (left), then twists her opponent to the carpet so that Dale is helpless to defend against a series of smashes to her face (above). Back on her feet and in control of the match, Dale proceeds to throw Joan off-balance and to the floor (bottom left).



make correct selections. Unfortunately, the imitators don't have the same scruples as the apartment wrestling organizers. There have been cases where women have been lured to large apartments for matches. Unable to cope with the competition, they have suffered severe and occasionally permanent injury. We feel obligated to point out this frightening situation.

Dale and Joan were two such women. Neither one should ever have been an apartment wrestler. They had no skills, no intuitive athletic ability, and no real love for competition. All they had were lives that had blown up in their faces.

Joan was the kind of woman who does everything right and expects to be rewarded. In more generous economic times, she would be happily secure in a suburban home; her main trouble would be deciding which mall to

shop at. A stronger woman would have been able to adjust to shrinking expectations. Joan couldn't adjust to anything.

For the past year, Joan had been waiting for her boyfriend to return. He left to look for work. She received postcards from Atlanta, Houston, San Diego, and other cities that suddenly had no jobs left. Eventually, she stopped receiving postcards.

To earn her living, something she never thought she'd have to do, Joan worked in a public relations firm. Unskilled, Joan was considered by her employers to be just a decoration to amuse clients. Some of the clients had strange ideas about what constituted amusement. When Joan told them to go to hell, her employers were displeased. Her job and her sanity were hanging by a thread.

Her interview to be an apartment wrestler was short and (Continued on page .58)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 48)



In one of the most vicious maneuvers of the match. Joan lifts Dale into the air and smashes her soft underbelly across her outstretched thigh.

sour. The organizer immediately realized she was a borderline hysteric. He didn't doubt that she would battle ferociously, but he also knew she wouldn't be able to stand the pressure of combat. Her mind would snap like a twig.

Told she couldn't be an apartment wrestler, Joan spit at the interviewer. It's moments like that when a man is sure he made the right decision.

Despondent, Joan decided to drown her sorrows at a nearby bar. There she met Mendy Waters, a man often cited by consumer groups as an unscrupulous promoter of pyramid schemes. His latest scam, "Domino Enterprises," had made

him a rich and hated man. Trying to gain some acceptance among the sophisticated cosmopolitan crowd, he tried to become an influential member of the apartment wrestling organization. When he was rejected, Waters decided to form his own apartment wrestling club. It is notorious for its sleazy nature.

Joan never had a chance. The legitimate apartment wrestling organization has the women's best interests at heart. Waters is a man ready to get his kicks any way he can. He recruited Joan for an apartment wrestling match within a week. Usually, a woman has a month to get herself emotionally

(Continued from Page 62)

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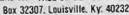
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 58)

and physically prepared. It also gives her time to back out if she wants. Waters never gave anyone a chance to back out of anything.

Waters chose a scared young woman named Dale as Joan's opponent. Ruthlessly battered by life before she left her teens, the young blonde drifted from menial job to menial job, abused by employers and a sucker for anyone promising her happiness. For a she simply took the while, punishment. Then, something inside her turned vicious, something like the last rage of a cornered animal. She started making people suffer as she had suffered.

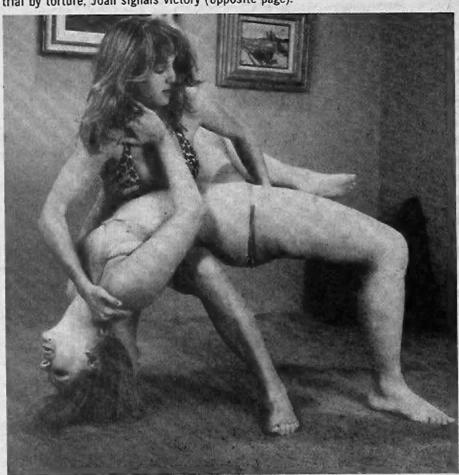
Apartment wrestling interviewers sensed there was no sport in this woman, just the need to inflict pain. She would just as

happily torture a helpless victim as win by combat. That has nothing to do with the spirit of apartment wrestling, and Dale was told she was not selected.

Somehow, women like Dale always get to meet men like Mendy Waters. Both are unwilling to discuss the place or the circumstances, and they probably have good reason for their silence. Dale had three matches for Waters before meeting Joan. Two of her victims disappeared after being tormented by her. The other couldn't disappear; she wears a cast from toe to thigh. Neither Dale nor her opponents should have ever been allowed to battle. Considerations like human decency and compassion never bother Mendy Waters.

And so, in her garishly

Realizing that Dale is on the verge of defeat, Joan digs her thigh into the small of Dale's back, causing the nubile blonde to cry out in agony (below). Having survived her trial by torture, Joan signals victory (opposite page).



decorated apartment in Long Island City, Dale stood facing Joan, moments away from their apartment wrestling brawl. Dale trembled from a dangerous combination of fear and excitement. Joan's face was contorted into an ugly mask of rage. Her expression was both frightening and sad. Joan's voluptuous body quivered with sensual fury as her leopardskin bikini seemed to vibrate.



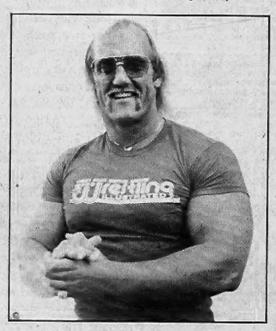
The look on Waters' face told the story. It was a cruel and heartless expression, much like a jackal dining on carrion. He licked his lips, gave the signal to begin, and sat comfortably to enjoy the ensuing catastrophe.

Mindlessly, the two women rushed at each other. The slap of flesh against flesh resounded throughout the room. Waters' friends cheered as the two women savagely clawed at each other. Dark red welts appeared along the combatants' bodies as nails scraped against skin. There was no intelligence in this; simply two angry humans trying to tear each other apart.

The first explosion lasted perhaps 30 seconds. The women, not having trained for battle, breathed heavily. The short, (Continued on page 64)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 63)

mindless burst of action had physically stunned the combatants. If they were going to survive this, they would have to conserve their energy. Joan seemed to sense this more than Dale.

As soon as the pain in Dale's lungs stopped, she went on the attack. Joan became a matador clumsily but effectively dodging the charging bull. Dale rushed, her hands and shoulders glancing off her foe, and she stumbled forward. It was a pathetic example of wrestling desperation.

After five such hapless rushes, Dale stumbled forward, this time into Joan's waiting arms. The large blonde encircled her foe in a brutal bearhug. Wildly, Dale kicked and punched, trying to break free. Though the blows were wild, several hit Joan's thighs and face. Joan had no idea how to protect herself while administering the bearhug and took as much punishment as she gave. Her eyes betrayed her shock and fear as Dale beat a steady tattoo upon her. Finally, Joan released her grip and Dale scurried away.

The women stared at each other across the room. There was a steady hum of animal sounds from both of them. Half-crazed with rage, Joan rushed at her foe. At the last instant, she leaped in the air, attempting a flying dropkick.

Her ambition exceeded her ability. Starting the kick too late, her feet smacked into Dale's shins. Both women fell to the ground. In some odd way, Dale fell on top. She was too surprised to do anything immediately. Joan's hands quickly grabbed the hapless blonde around the neck and started choking. Dale responded by punching Joan in the face and chest. For more than a minute, the two did this while rolling around the carpet.

It exhausted them both. Joan released her chokehold and rolled away. She crouched in a corner, trying to catch her breath. Harsh, eved, she tried to focus on her foe.

Dale sat in the opposite corner, trying to catch her breath. Harhs, hacking gasps revealed how viciously she'd been choked. As she crouched, she kept her eyes on Joan. For the first time, the look of a cornered animal came across her face. Now she was at her most dangerous-dangerous to both her foe and herself.

Still gasping for air, she rushed at Joan. The voluptuous blonde stood up and bashed her head hard into the charging foe's soft belly. Dale crumpled as if she'd been shot. She desperately needed air; her battered lungs were on the brink of collapse. With a sadistic glee, Joan went on the attack.

Now would be the perfect time for a bearhug. Dale would be finished and the match would be over Joan didn't know that. Her only thought was to punish.

Joan dragged Dale around the room by her legs. Pain seared the helpless woman's flesh as carpet burns covered her back and legs. Dale's breath came even harder as she gagged on air that couldn't find its way to her lungs. Her agonized grunts sounded throughout the room like some pitiful animal's death throes.

Waters and his companions were having a wonderful time.

It would have been an act of mercy for Dale to pass out. Instead, some cruel fate kept her alert and tortured. Her body jerked in hideous, spasmodic writhings. If Joan hadn't been enjoying herself so much, the match might have ended there. Instead, somehow Dale's leg got free and snapped up into Joan's chin. The voluptuous blonde crumpled in a heap.

The two women lay on the carpet, barely conscious and in no

shape to continue. Any decent person would have ended the match there. Waters, knowing how these foolish women would answer, asked them if they wanted to continue. Of course he got them to say yes. So he let them lie there, trying to get the strength to wrestle on.

Joan was the first to be able to move. Feebly, she approached her foe. Driven only by her pathological need to punish, Joan pounded on her victim's face and torso. Her blows were weak but brutal, considering Dale's condition. Each tepid punch made breathing that much harder. It was horrible to watch, except for the crowd Waters had gathered for the "entertainment."

Joan didn't pound away for long. Exhausted, she slumped to the ground. Dale saw this and tried to do something about it. It was a hopeless and pathetic attempt. The battered blonde writhed and crawled toward her gasping foe. As Dale approached, Joan's eyes widened in a combination of rage and fear. Unable to defend herself. Joan tried to stare her foe down.

This confrontation lasted maybe 30 seconds. Dale moved as if she were trying to force her way through mud. Joan managed to get to her knees and watched her foe coming. Dale got within a foot of Joan and then fell forward. Her body listlessly hit Joan and then flopped to the carpet. Dale wasn't going to move again that night.

Joan raised her hand high to signify victory. It was a ludicrous gesture; no one could be thought to have won this brutal brawl. A few seconds after she was declared the winner. Joan started weeping hysterically. She was carried to a room where she cried herself senseless.

These are ugly times, and some unscrupulous men take a horrible advantage of this. We hope our readers and prospective apartment wrestlers heed this warning.



March of Dimes



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